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VARIOUS SUBJECTS, DIVINE AND MORAL.

By A. GOODRIE.

K. Goodrick

————— " if vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil."

POPE.

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The Author of the following Poems is not insensible, that by offering them to the Publick, he may be expos'd to the censures of the severe Critic and prophane Wit:— Nor is he so vain as to think them exempt from imperfections;—but the candid Reader will overlook, however, those dispos'd to censure, may treat them with disdain: And if the perusal of them afford any happiness to the Virtuous mind, he will be satisfied; while, should their Publication, in the smallest degree, contribute to the GLORY of that REDEEMER, whom he hath, tho' faintly, attempted to set forth,— he will esteem himself greatly rewarded, and the time he hath spent in their composition, devoted to the noblest Service.

SUTTON in ASHFIELD, March 1, 1780.



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N A Z A R E E N,

A P O E M.

"Hoc est nescire, sine CHRISTO plurima scire,

"Si CHRISTUM bene scis, satis est si cæter a nescis."



O M E heav'nly Muse, and teach my soul to sing,
Nor let a meaner power assist the flame ;
The subject's all divine ! nor will the aid
That's giv'n A L E X I S when he sings of Love
Suffice me ; No, my theme's above his strains !

'Tis not a *L A U R A's charms employ my powers,
Nor all the sweetest graces of her face,
With a meridian brightness shining there,
In their full lustre, thus can tempt my soul
To sing her merit ; No, nor all the pride
Of nature, or design in flowing ringlets,
Or

* An Italian Beauty, much celebrated in the writings of Petrarch.

Or careless circles 'round the Fair-One's neck
Can captivate my heart.—Born from the skies,
The sacred Muse, beneath her mounting feet,
Spurns the dull Earth, and rises to her home,
Where she explores [with raptures only known
In heav'n] the beauties of th' exalted L A M B !
HE ! dearest object of my flaming love !
Fills this vast soul with transports all-divine !
And calls my heart, my tongue, my pen t' employ
Their every power, in adoration near
His throne, and speak his praise, and write his love
To lost mankind !—O wondrous love indeed !
Where is thy origin, and what the cause,
And what th' effects of this stupendous Love
Of God to Man, the fallen son of Pride ;
The heir of endless woe, by impious works,
Against his power divine, and grace immense.
Let Roman Victors with their trophies shine,
The crowns of vanquish'd Kingdoms, and the wreaths
Of Laurels, while before the conqu'ring train

Is

Is blandish'd all the blood ting'd blades of Swords
That sent a thousand souls to their long home,
And sated even Death with the dread slaughter,
While Syrens sung their praise.—“ Mine be the task,”
To hymn th' INCARNATE GOD who conquer'd Death,
Made Hell to tremble, and a ruin'd World
Restor'd to perfect bliss.—Assist me Muse,
To hail the Vierge who gave the I N F A N T birth :
And thou, O Sacred Spirit ! that did speak
The Godhead into Man, breathe o'er my soul
In kindest love, and every chearful power
Shall bear her part in the delightful task,
Nor longer slumber, but with rapt'rous joy
Gaze on the blissful spot. Hail humble place,
Where first the great Creator breath'd the air
That he himself had form'd, to support
A worthless World, which could not find him room
But in a Stable where the Oxen fed !

Say my Urania, say, shall grov'ling worms,
Proud worms of Earth refuse to entertain
The new-born STRANGER ? Did not Angels join, And

And in vast troops, swift thro' the midnight skies
 Descend, and sing his birth in hymns-cœlestial,
 While the list'ning Spheres join'd in the concert
 Which proclaim'd him come? Did not the Choirs,
 Who fill the seats of Heav'n, tune ev'ry Harp,
 And strike th' immortal Strings? Methinks I hear
 The Angel Gabriel sweeping Heav'ns great Lyre,
 Whose spreading sound charms every ear above,
 And ecchoes down to Earth in accents sweet,
 "PEACE and GOOD-WILL tow'nds MEN."

The bustling day retir'd, and peaceful night,
 With all her train, led by the silver Moon,
 Advanc'd, and scatter'd o'er the eastern World
 In rich profusion the sweet balmy blifs
 Which Evening boasts; the gentle breezes play'd
 Thro' every Grove, and on the parching Plains
 The dews fell smiling, while the favour'd train
 Of humble Rustics, tending in the Vale
 Their fleecy flocks, first heard the joy proclaim'd
 On Earth, and left the bleating Race, to go
 To Beth'lem; thither by the Meteor led

They

They urg'd their way, and welcom'd his arrival,
Say, did not tears of joy steal gently down
Their cheeks, while their full hearts oerflow'd with bliss
At the transporting thought, that the young BABE
Was come to save his people from their sins,
And bleed for Israel,—for a fallen World ?
But say ye Swains, would not your feeling souls
Throb with keen anguish to attend the Muse,
The tragic Muse, while as she sings she paints
In lively colours every scene of woe
Which the REDEEMER pass'd ? Methinks you'd mourn,
And weep in tears of blood : Urania weeps
T' assist my pen to trace th' INCARNATE GOD,
From Bethl'em's Stable, up to CALV'RY's mount
Where finish'd all his suff'rings !

How did the good old Simeon's heart o'erflow
With feeling raptures, when in with'ring Arms
He clasp'd the BABE-divine ? The Temple rung
With the loud ecchoes from his quiv'ring lips,
Which bless'd the Nations, while he kiss'd with joy

The

B

Where learned Doctors met ! He in the midst,
Disputed for the honour of his God,
While all the wond'ring throng astonish'd stood,
And loudconfess'd his wisdom : such the BABE
That Egypt shelter'd from th' infernal storm
Until a fuller bloom of riper years
Had freed the Exile, and his Harbinger
Appear'd ; then, with what joy the beauteous FORM
Bow'd at the call, and enter'd Jordan's Flood,
To teach a guilty World th' appointed way
Lost Eden to regain. Methinks I see
The NAZAREEN leaving the favour'd Banks
That witness'd his obedience ; heav'nly smiles,
And God-like grace diffus'd throughout the whole
Of the dear FAIR, while all-applauding Heav'n
With joy beholds his conduct, and sends down
The peaceful Spirit, Image of the Dove
To testify his pleasure. Thus full arm'd
With all the power of Deity, he dar'd
The conflict to begin, and met his foes
With fortitude unmov'd, and dauntless courage ; Prompt

Prompt to the arduous task by love divine !
For man, lost man ! who from his father's fold
Had wander'd wide, and the blest'd Image spoil'd,
Which on his soul in Paradise was stamp'd,
And fairly shone, Bright ! portrait of a God !
How lost ?—Yet wonder ! how again restor'd ?

Led by the Spirit, lo ! he bends his course,
Not to a royal Seat, or stately Hall,
Where Monarchs dwell, or Princes sit at ease :
Not to the house of Mirth where banquets kept,
Attract a giddy World, who pass their Nights
In frantic joy and guilty dissipation.—
He, to a dreary Waste pursues his way,
A gloomy Wilderness, a barren Desert,
Where leafless Trees, and briers and thorns compose
An awful darkness, and the whistling Winds
Add horrors to the murmers of the Flood
Which falls and dashes down the ragged cliffs
Of the rude rocks, and breaks the frightful silence
That reigns throughout the whole ! Such was the place In

In which the CONQ'ROR chose to baffle Hell,
Laugh at her wiles, the Tempter foil, and all
His schemes o'erturn. Hail glorious VICTOR !
Let Seraphs sound his praise on golden Lyres,
And shake with deep vibration all the arch
Of Heav'ns great building, while Urania sings,
How from the Mountain's top, and Temple's dome,
He calmly view'd a glitt'ring Globe's gay gems,
Her Thrones, Her Kingdoms, and despis'd them all
When once compar'd with the superior gain
Of Man's REDEMPTION ; This, his raptur'd heart
Fir'd with sweet pleasures, and th' infernal Fiend,
Spurn'd from his presence with a keen rebuke.

—————Who but a GOD,
A GOD INCARNATE, over Hell's dark powers
Could thus have triumph'd, broke their deep laid snares,
And come off more than CONQ'ROR ? Who but He,
Could thus have borne the labour and fatigue
Of forty days retirement from the World,
And ev'ry Worldly good, while trials fierce,
And Nature's want, compos'd the bitter cup,

Of which he drank in the waste Desert.—

—————Hither ye train

Of Epicureans come, and call your Mates,

The Debauchee and Drunkard to attend

The moralizing scene. Let Reason now

Exert her utmost power, and rule the wild

Contending passions, which have borne the sway

For num'rous years, and led your captive souls

To wide extremes of riot and excess

Thro' many a guilty night.—Come learn to live

As he hath liv'd, whose conduct Heav'n approv'd,

And Angels bow'd t' attend.—See from the Skies,

The op'ning Skies a glitt'ring train descend,

Of Ministers from God with food cœlestial,

And flock around their charge : The great I AM,

As tho' unconscious for his SELF-EXISTENCE

Receives the bounty from his creature's hands,

With grateful soul, and humbleness of heart.

—————Thus liv'd a Man,

Thus liv'd a GOD in Manhood, while on Earth,

No place he found wherein to lay his Head, Tir'd

Tir'd Nature to recruit. See yonder rolls
The Globe's great Day-star his diurnal course,
From East to West the fiery Orb pursues
His destin'd journey, till the ev'ning hour
Sinks him below the Horizon, and the
Glad Labourer, with joy, salutes th' approach
Of Night, which brings him rest ; sweet rest he proves
Within the humble Cot.—The Birds have nests,
And Foxes have their holes wherein they creep
To hide from danger, when the SON of MAN
Hath no retreat from woe, but set at nought
By those whom, most, he lov'd. Wonder ye Choirs
Who fill the seats around his bending throne,
That God, in anger, did not send them home
To their own place, and JESUS say "AMEN."
To the dread sentence.—Say, Urania, say,
How did the faithless tribe of Israel mock,
And slight the dear MESSIAH ? This World's scum
By all accounted, and a Mad-Man deem'd,
Tho' by himself the attributes of Heaven
Were far abroad display'd, th' unworthy race To

To favour with conviction, yet they spurn
The proofs of his eternal Power away ;
Defy his Wrath, and trample on his Love.

Gracious compassion ! when the SAVIOUR saw,
A base degen'rate World replete with pride,
How did he mourn and pity their dread fall
From what he once had form'd them, when in Love,
By num'rous miracles he tried t' regain
The tainted Sons of Adam, yet so few
Believ'd the Work divine ?
Shall burning Fevers stop at his command,
And all diseases cease their raging power
When he the signal gives ? Shall Lepers cleans'd,
And fair as driven snow, before a croud
Of Witnesses appear, when he the Word,
Th' Almighty word shall speak, and yet the great
Physician stand accus'd of leagues infernal ?
Methinks I hear him speak, and see the hand,
The wither'd hand stretch'd forth to show his praise
To all the wond'ring throng, while from his Robe,
The healing power descends to those who touch It

Its borders. ————— Oh ! may my Faith !
All-conq'ring Faith ! so touch th' INCARNATE GOD,
In Life and Death, that Immortality
May be the op'ning bud, from which shall bloom
Eternal pleasures,—never fading joys ;
And Glory be the fruit on which my soul,
My raptur'd soul shall feed when call'd to share
The LAMB's great MARRIAGE SUPPER : Blissful thought;
While Faith anticipates th' approaching joy,
Th' exulting Spirit struggles to be gone,
Longs for dismissal from the cumb'rous load,
And waits the great Release with ardour : Then,
When the broke fetters fall, and Death, in friendship,
Lays low this mortal prison, and shuts up
The tiresome scene of Life, away she'll soar
Thro' Worlds of purest æther,—mount to Glory,
And ascend to God : From that blest moment,
Faith chang'd to sight, and hope to full enjoyment,
Th' exulting soul shall hang upon its Lord,
And see, unvail'd the God-head Face to Face,
Till the long disembodied part again, Shall

Shall join her fav'rite Temple, all transform'd
And made Immortal, like the Guest it bears !
At that delightful period, what a train
Shall meet, in triumph, their exalted Head,
And form his glorious Convoy from the Skies,
While Angels rank the road ? but above all,
The Fellow-labourers, with him when on Earth,
Shall beautiful appear ; not as when first
Sent out like Lambs among the rav'nous Wolves,
With neither purse, nor scrip, their lot they took ;
Content to share the scandal of their Lord,
And counted the reproaches of his Cross
Their greatest Glory.——Honour'd indeed !
To search into the myst'ries of his Life,
And preach the precious merits of his Death
To fellow-Sinners !—With what rapt'rous joy,
In that blest'd moment, will they join their CHIEF,
Before th' assembled World, and give in all
The long and faithful list of Life's hard labour,
While JESUS, there, rehearses every Name
Of the dear pledges of his Servants love ; Those

Those Converts to his cause shall then come forth,
And crown the MARTYR'D CHAMPIONS for their God.
Oh! what a gen'ral joy! But stop my Muse,
Thy noblest strains can't reach the sacred height
Of the exalted pleasures of that day
Which shall reward their toil: More glorious then,
Will the MESSIAH shine with such a band
Of CONQ'RORS, than when on the Mountain's top,
Array'd in Glory, the full GOD-HEAD shone
In grand resplendence while the favour'd Three
Beheld th' ETERNAL FAIR in all his charms:
Amidst such beauty, where th' applauding voice
Of Heaven re-echoed, could they but desire
For ever to abide: On what a flood,
Of blifs extatic, must their raptur'd souls
Float with delight, when in the vision wrap'd,
And saw the cloud thro' which JEHOVAH spoke
And seal'd him his anointed? May my soul
Approve the choice of Heav'n, while, Mary like,
With streaming tears, I bathe his sacred feet:
Her blifs, her pain,—sensation now imparts, And

And ev'ry pulse beats with the force of Love,
 While my glad pen rehearses the dear truth,
 Of having much forgiv'n. O Pow'r divine!
 Assist o'erburthen'd Nature to support
 The pleasing pain that such reflections give:
 And thou, Urania, arm my feeling soul
 The subject to pursue with manly grace,
 And Christian courage, or the drooping quill,
 Will melt, and mingle with the gen'ral flood
 Of flowing tears, which scenes like these inspire.

When glorious Warriors from the field return,
 Mark'd with the scars of honour,—bleeding wounds,
 Or shatter'd limbs, bath'd in the reeking gore;
 What crouds attend to view their trophies, and
 The Conquerors to Hail?—Hark! thro' the streets,
 Long ranks of people, with their loud applause,
 Shout home the wounded Victors! But a scene
 Like this, tho' pleasing to the martial soul,
 Does not afford that bliss which he possess'd,
 Who, low in stature, fought the Syc'mores, aid To

To see his Lord pass by ; nor is the sound
Of all those acclamations half so grateful,
As those which issu'd from his followers tongues
In loud Hosannahs, while he near the Gates
Of the Fair City drew. Who then, unmov'd,
Could stand to hear the gen'ral joy around,
And see the SAVIOUR weep, nor blend one tear,
One falling tear, with those that trickled down,
In vast profusion, from his sacred Eyes ?

Oft have I seen the impious and prophane,
Triumph in gaining Converts to their crimes ;
Enlisting souls, unwary, for the War,
Which, soon or late, will hurl them to the depths
Of black despair, and everlasting Night.——
Tell me, ye Drunkards, have ye not full oft
Push'd round your pois'nous Cup with fair pretence
Of gen'rous friendship for the Man you lov'd,
While vilest pleasure beat in every pulse,
To see him take the bait, and heedless plunge
In the vast fury of an angry God !

Tremble

Tremble ye Sinners of so sable hue,
 And blush, while ye behold th' **INCARNATE GOD**,
 Weeping o'er crimes, not blacker than your own,
 And telling their dread fruits. See where he stands,
 And mourns the hardness of Jerus'lem's sons
 In anguish and distress ! How oft, " says he,
 " Would I have screen'd you from the awful scourge
 " Of Heav'n's avenging hand ; but ye refus'd,
 " And treated with contempt the tender'd grace
 " Of peace and pardon, till for ever lost ?"

Methinks I see the careless City now,
 All riot and excess ;—and every street
 Throng'd with the busy tribes of Israel's sons,
 Regardless of their Lord, nay, his own House
 Fill'd with a croud of Thieves, who'd sell their souls,
 Their conscience, and their God, while Faith was wreck'd,
 To gratify and satiate every Lust !
 Oh ! dreadful scene ! well might the **SAVIOUR** drive
 Such Merchants from his Temple, and o'erturn
 Their Tables and their Gods ! But lo ! in Love
 He deigns yet still to teach them, if perchance, **The**

The harden'd race will listen to his voice,
Fly to his out-stretch'd Arms which wait t' receive,
And graciously to clasp them to his breast,
'Ere Death shall close the scene, and Calv'ry groan
Under the cries of an expiring GOD !

—————What pain ! what bliss
Alternately, must fill his anxious soul,
At the transporting,—the distressing thought ?

Say my Urania, what Compassion dwelt
In the REDEEMER's breast, when, 'ere the scene,
The tragic scene commenc'd near Kedron's-Brook,
He call'd his favour'd Followers to partake
His Testament of Love ? My wond'ring soul,
With ev'ry thinking faculty is lost
In grand amazement, when thereon I muse !
Assist me then, O Spirit from above !
And tho' frail Reason staggers at the thought
Of such unbounded Love ; yet may the Tree
Of Faith, which planted by thine own right hand
Receive the Truth divine !—and on it live, While

While with eternal Fruit she ever blooms,
And the rich verdure of her well-grown branches
Reflects just honour on the PRUNER's skill,
And speaks his name IMMORTAL !——

In that sad Ev'ning, when they met their LORD,
To share the final blessing from his hands ;
How must their nicest feelings then be touch'd
With pain unspeakable, when from his lips
The tender accents dropp'd, and ev'ry word
Was mingled with a tear ?—Methinks I see
The trickling sorrows stream from either Eye,
While he the bread divides, and humbly acts
In character of Servant to them all.
Oh ! what a feast was that which JESUS made,
And serv'd around the board, while blessings crown'd
The sacred Food,—dear Emblem of himself !
And Mercy fill'd the Cup of which they drank
In ref'rence to his Blood, that soon in streams,
Should flow from every vein, and ratify
This Testament of Love to all Mankind. And

And could a Judas bear th' affecting scene
Which then appear'd in every languid Eye,
Nor feel one passion move ? Could he there sit,
While all beside himself were bleeding hearts,
And souls dissolv'd in Tears ; nor yet one drop
Steal down his harden'd Cheek ? Could Conscience sleep,
And unmolested, let the Sinner rest,
Nor rouse him from the Table with her cries,
Cries, which will ever torture the poor soul
With endless anguish, like a gnawing worm,
When once let loose,—commission'd to torment !
How despicably mean must be his heart,
To barter Heav'n, and all th' extatic bliss
Which fills yon raptur'd Throng, for the poor gain
Of this World's good, at best but filthy lucre,
Which pleases for the fleeting hour of Life,
Then damns for ever the immortal Man !

Oh ! gracious Spirit, aid this anxious breast
To search if something is not there conceal'd,
That, Judas-like, would risk Immortal Life
To gratify th' insatiate, carnal mind

Which

Which covets all but God ; or let thy Power
Assure me that my worthless name is grav'd
On the REDEEMER's heart ; then shall my soul,
With raptures, hail the sweet returning months,
That spreads the Table which his Will ordain'd,
To aid the feeble followers of the Lamb
The vict'ry to compleat ; while ev'ry Feast
Commemorates his Death on CALV'RY's Mount,
And tells th' admiring World a Saviour's love
To each believing heart.—Make haste ye days,
And bid the blisful Sabbath quick return,
Which shall rehearse the SAVIOUR's dying love ;
While my bright Faith strikes deep into his suff'rings,
And lives for ever on th' expiring GOD !

Was ever love like thine, thou Sinner's-Friend,
When in rich mercy, thou the warning gave
To an unguarded Peter, while thy prayers
Pleaded with Heav'n for pardon and for strength
Of Faith, to overcome the Tempter's wiles,
And break the deep-laid snare which he had form'd
To sift his soul as Wheat.—When floods of love O'erpow'r

O'erpow'r the raptur'd heart, and draw the soul
From Earth to Heav'n, while ev'ry burning wish,
With all the fulness of a God is fill'd,

And every ravish'd pow'r with Peter cries,

" Lord, rather than deny thee, Death shall waft

" My willing soul away, and Blood shall seal

" The glorious passion of my constant breast;

————— In hours like these,

'Then are we most in danger, for the soul,

Fill'd with the glories of the blissful vision,

Forgets the weakness and depravity

Communicated by her Father's fall

In Paradise ; and Satan too is now

Most busy to beguile th' unwary heart

With thousand golden baits.—So have I seen

The curious Traveller with joy ascend

The Mountain's steep, whose summit brav'd the skies,

And a grand view of all the neighb'ring World

Imparted to th' astonish'd eye,—when lo!

While yet in raptures, and th' enchanted fancy

Was feeding fast on the wide ^{spreading} prospect, As

As tho' the spacious scene was all its own,—
 Th' unguarded step he took, and down he sunk
 From the vast precipice, whose shaggy sides,
 Made long, and deep the fall!—

—————But hark! What groans,
 Visit my ears, and fill my trembling heart,
 With a strange kind of horror, wild ideas,
 And melancholly gloom? What voice is that,
 Which speaks in feeling language, while the Brook,
 The murm'ring Brook of Kedron echoes back
 The painful accent thro' the lift'ning Trees?
 Tell me ye Spirits of the midnight hours
 Who watch around each solitary Grove,
 Or lonely Garden, till the morning breaks
 And the nocturnal shades expire; O tell,—
 'Tis ye I now conjure,—O tell me now,—
 What's that? Who's there? Alas my soul,—why shrink,
 Surely the sound's domestic, is't not Pray'r?—
 Yes,—Pray'r, unutt'able! Oh!—'tis JESUS,—
 Hark! how he supplicates his Father's throne, While

While blood in Torrents down his temples roll,
 And paints the tortures of the SAVIOUR's heart
 In streams of vital crimson,—and his God
 Pours the full vials of his fiercest wrath,
 Down on his guiltless head ;—yet hear him pray,
 “ Father remove this Cup, if 'tis thy will,—
 “ But Oh ! not mine be done,—to thee I yield !”

Witness divine—GETHSAMENE !—Thou art
 The sacred spot where all's display'd to view.
 Here is the Origin, and here th' Effects
 Of that stupendous passion of the soul
 Call'd Love,—Amazing Mercy ! O how vast
 The length, the breadth, the depth, and sacred height,
 Of the unmeasur'd Ocean of his Love,
 While God himself can suffer in this Vale
 The mis'ry due to Man ? See, all his soul
 Borne down with the great weight of every crime
 Of this rebellious stubborn heart of mine,
 And the whole World's blended in one vast bulk ;
 Beneath whose mighty load, the tender frame
 Bows till the blood veins burst ; yet,—yet he cries “ Father

“ Father,—thy Will be done!”——

O sweet submission to his Father's mind,
Copy celestial of his humble heart !

How could I wish to walk, and tread the steps
Which JESUS trod, when come for to fulfil
The merciful design for fallen Man,—
‘The restoration of his soul to Bliss,—
Th’ appeasing of his Father’s flaming wrath,
And making Peace with Heav’n !—
This, the dear subject of my ev’ry thought,
Shall tear the Thrones of Sin and Satan down ;
Nor shall the garden of GETHSAMENE
Witness that JESUS pray’d in vain for me,
Or that his agonies and bloody sweat,
Were not as Baths divine to melt my soul.

Hence, ye Usurpers, far away be gone !
Nor steal the honours of my Saviour’s Name ;
He, the dear God is worthy all my Love,
Nor shall my sacred pow’rs be unemploy’d,
But each engag’d his Mem’ry to rehearse,
While my glad soul, in wonder, ponders o’er

The

The vi'lent Passion which he suffer'd there!
Passion indeed! when ev'ry nervous cord
Witness'd the fervour of his ardent Prayer,
And to the mighty force of Spirit sunk.

If the tir'd clay wherein the GOD-HEAD dwelt
Thus sunk beneath its load, well might the frames,
The weary Frames of his weak Follower's drop,
And weep themselves to rest; but such an hour
Demanded ev'ry drousy sense to watch,
And be upon its guard: lo! while they rise,
The bloody train advance; their guilty hands
Fill'd with the waving implements of Death,
And Judas for their chief, whose ev'ry feature
Bears the sweet smile of Love and Innocence.
What, more than Hell, must fill the Traytor's breast,
When, with "HAIL MASTER," his unhallow'd lips
Approach'd to kiss his Lord, and by that act
To give him up to Judgment, and to Death!

Hark! thro' the crouded road the echoes fly,
Which speak the pleasures of the guilty throng,
Who lead him, as I've seen a Murderer led, While

While high disdain, and sovereign contempt
Sits on each eye.—But where was Peter now ?
Peter, and all were fled, and left their Lord,
To the rude insults of the vicious train,
By Hell assembled in one general band,
Whose ev'ry look, and gesture spoke their souls
Fill'd with infernal madness and delight,
While o'er their prey they sung. Thus they advanc'd,
And with a shout the High Priest's palace hail'd,
To which they now drew near ; th' unwilling hinges
Seem'd with reluctant grating to unfold
The heavy Portals, such a scene to harbour,
Of guilt, unrivall'd, which was there display'd.
The Hall is throng'd, and lo ! the NAZAREEN
Before the bar of Pilate is arraign'd ;
But hark ! mean-while, the Mattin-Cock's shrill tone
Alarms my ears, and speaks a fallen Peter
Who, trembling, stands before a slave,—a Servant,
While he denies his Lord, with Oaths and Curfes !
Say my Urania how th' infernal powers
Laugh'd at the timid soul, who blush'd to own **A**

A God in Manhood, while he shrunk at Man?
Their snares in this retreat, were answer'd now,
And swift, to Hell the joyful news was borne,
Of a MESSIAH, treated with contempt
By him, who lately could address his LORD,
“Thou knowest all things, thee thou know’st I Love!
Reflect my soul!—A fall from Paradise.—
What tongue can speak its horrors, or what thought,
Can pierce, can fathom the tremendous depths
Of Hell, which the Backslider feels?—
How frail? how weak is Man? Let conscience speak,
Unstifled let it speak, has Peter’s part,
Has Peter’s sin ne’er been my own? Thro’ life,
How oft may it to my long list be charg’d?
Thoughts, words and acts, ten thousand times have cry’d,
“I know him not:”—and yet, how blind we are,
To blame a tempted Peter, while ourselves
Remain unconscious of the self same guilt!
Forgive, great God! forgive this careless heart,
And thou, O sacred Spirit! look on me
As JESUS look’d on Peter; then the tears

Of deep contrition from these streaming eyes
 Shall flow, and true repentance fill my breast,
 While on a pard'ning God with peace I gaze!

Methinks I see him stand, and looks of love
 On ev'ry feature dwell, while at the Bar
 Th' imperious croud deride the form divine!
 Portrait of Meekness! see him patient there,
 While the rough rabble all his sacred person
 Treat with contempt'ous sneers, and smite that face,
 At sight of which Arch-Angels spread their veils,
 And Seraphs blush t' explore!
 When the last Trumpet shakes the falling World,
 And floods of flaming fire ride down the skies
 On stormy winds of vengeance, to prepare
 The way for the despis'd NAZAREEN;
 Where shall a Herod hide his guilty head
 From the down bearing streams of sacred wrath,
 JUDGMENT's great Harbingers? Where shall they stand,
 Who smote that sacred head, and laugh'd to scorn
 A GOD divine, ^{ile} ~~when~~ o'er his furrow'd shoulders,
 Contempt'ously they cast the gorgeous Robe, And

And crown'd his brow with thorns? See down his temples,
'The purple flood flows from each wounded part,
Drops, and congeals on ev'ry sacred lock;
While, like a Lamb, the suff'ring God appears
Before the Bar, nor opens once his mouth.
Say heav'nly Muse,—from ev'ry painful stroke
Of the rough ragged Scourge, did he not shine
With greater lustre, and his God-head bloom
With beauty more exalted, while he taught,
By his example, the illustrious train
Of Martyrs, how to suffer and to die?
All hail! ye conq'ring followers of his Cross,
Glitt'ring with him, in Garments roll'd in blood;
How am I raptur'd with the extatic thought,
Of his appearing, while the glorious throng,
Stand all around him, and with triumph bear
The emblems of his Death? Then shall a trembling,
An awful trembling seize the guilty souls
Of those, from whom the gen'ral cry we hear,
“ Away with such a Monster from the Earth,
“ The CROSS, the CROSS his portion, while they give The

The preference to, and vote a Traitor's life :
See, while his Pardon's sign'd, what crouds attend
To view the VICTIM destin'd to the Tree,
Fainting beneath the burthen of his Cross ;—
A cruel pity gives a small relief,
And the Cyrenean bears th' unweildly load,
Form'd for his torture forward to the Hill
Where all his Woes expire.—Methinks I see
The worn-out Manhood of a GOD supreme
Exert, almost the last remains of Life
The Mountain's steep t' ascend : The Multitude
Press onwards to the Spot with eager haste
The dreadful scene to view, while round him throng
The band of Murd'ers. Hither, ye prophane,
Ye trampers on his Blood, his Love, his Cross,
Come see th' INCARNATE die ! Hark how the cords,
The manual cords give way to the rude nails,
While the hard Wood, almost refuse them entrance,
And calls each stroke with greater veng'ance down,
To pierce his sacred Limbs, and fix them there.
Painful idea ! O the mighty shock, The

The tortur'd Frame must feel, when high suspended,
On the full stretch he hung 'tween Earth and Heav'n,
From both an outcast, and in their esteem
Of both unworthy. See between two Thieves
The glorious SUFFERER, pangs unknown endures,
While ev'ry vital cord is wring with anguish;
Yet still the Godhead shines! Hear how he prays,
" Father forgive,—they know not what they do."
Gracious compassion! when his quiv'ring lips,
Could interceed for yonder guilty Train,
Who, while they saw the streaming blood descend
Out from his hands and feet, could still deride
And mock the suff'rings of a dying GOD
With Vinegar and Gall,—while by his Cross
His Robes they parted, 'ere he breath'd out Life.

—————O may my soul
Copy the beauteous Portrait, and with him
Pray for its enemies, while like yonder Thief,
By Faith I cast me on a gracious GOD,
And with him prove the length, and breadth, and depth,
And height of Love divine! Lo! there it flows In

In crimson streams out from his sacred Side,
 And dye's his CROSS with blood. At such an hour,
 Well might the Lamp,—the blushing Lamp of Day
 Retire, and hide in gloom the guilty World!
 Well might all Nature tremble, and the Vail
 Of the strong Temple rend; while op'ning Graves
 Pour'd forth their dead to see a GOD expire!

HE DIES, HE DIES A SUFF'RER,—but HE DIES
 A CONQ'ROR too,—and his expiring breath,
 Shakes Hell's foundations, and her deep laid snares,
 Blasts into nothing, while his glorious CROSS,
 Shews each Believer's crimes with blood o'erspread,
 Blood—that will triumph o'er the wrath of Heav'n,
 Stop Sinai's Thunders,—silence Sinai's Law,
 And speak the Sinner freely Justified!

Ye sacred Choirs who fill yon blisful seats,
 Ye glorious train who sung IMMANUEL's birth,
 Come hymn the VICTOR now; and let each hand,
 Each tuneful hand sweep ev'ry sounding Lyre,
 And strike the well-brac'd strings of ev'ry Harp That

That Seraphs bear, to tune a SAVIOUR's Love ;
While the grand Concert down to Earth is borne,
And Saints below th' extatic Chorus join,
"COMPLETE REDEMPTION, PARADISE REGAIN'D!"

Immortal CONQ'ROR, thee Urania sings,
Thy Cross, thy Death, thy Vict'ry and thy Crown,
The sacred Muse inspire ! Ye Sons of Light,
Who form the Church triumphant in the skies,
To the Church-militant your voices join,
And ask the Grave, "Where is thy triumph now,
Or where's the Monster's sting ?" JESUS has laid
Death's terrors all in silence, and array'd
The grisley tyrant in a dress divine :—
He's taught th' uncouth Spectre all the airs
Of Friendship and of Love. Who then shall fear
The Grave's dark Mansions, or the bands of Death,
When JESUS leads the way ? He, thro' the Tomb
Has made an easy passage for the soul
From Grace to Glory ; if then he arose,
So shall his followers rise, like him Immortal,
O'ercome like him, and like their Master shine !

Sing

Sing then ye ransom'd, sing th' ascending God,
 While myriads shout the conq'ring NAZAREEN,
 'Thro' the ætherial blue, to Heav'n's grand portals,
 Where Seraphs wait th' glorious Priest to crown,
 And bear him to their King. Lo! there he stands,
 And shews the WOUNDS on CALVARY receiv'd ;
 He pleads their Merit, while the glorious SCARS,
 Pour forth th' All-prevailing Prayer, and force
 'The SPIRIT down to seal us HEIRS of HEAV'N!

Thrice welcome, sacred Guest, our hearts reply,
 While Faith from Pisgah's top the fields descry,
 Where Saints redeem'd, in ceaseless pleasures rove,
 And Man's immortal theme, is GOD'S ETERNAL LOVE!



A N E L E G Y

In MEMORY of

Mr. MATTHEW BUTCHER, JUNIOR,
Of SUTTON in ASHFIELD,

Who Departed this Life DECEMBER 10th, 1777.

In T W O P A R T S.

P A R T the F I R S T.—HIS DEATH.

ARK ! I hear the solemn knell,

H A Spirit's gone, a Pris'ner's fled ;

The awful sound of yonder bell

Tells me that LYSANDER's dead.

Yes ;—'tis he, 'tis he is gone !

This trembling heart re-echoes the sad truth :

Methinks I hear th' attendants moan

Around the dying Bed of the departed Youth.

That

That house ! so late the chearful souls retreat,

Where peace,—where virtue smil'd in ev'ry eye,

Is now become the ghastly Tyrant's seat,

And floods of tears attend each deep-fetch'd sigh !

Hymeneal days * no more can please,

The bridal feasts, no longer charm !

Chang'd [for coffins,—shrouds] are these,

While non-effectual medicines sound the great alarm !

Death, within his cold embrace

Has clasp'd the Father of the Bride ;

Swept his hand across his face,

And laid the lovely Youth aside :

The well built form just rear'd its head,

And gaz'd awhile upon the busy throng ;

Then sunk among the silent dead,

And left the jargon here to join th' heav'nly song.

Well may ye mourn, ye weeping FAIR !

The blooming Tree its beauty's lost ;

Of ev'ry verdant leaf stripp'd bare,

And kill'd by dying Nature's frost.

No

* The deceas'd with great chearfulness, bore a principal character [Father] at the Nuptials of a Friend, very little before his Death.

No more the life-imparting look,
No more the pleasing grace,
Those gentle airs have now forsook
Yon pale,—yon ghastly face !
Every house that knew his feet
A solemn aspect wears ;
And ev'ry mourning friend I meet,
Is shedding floods of tears :
Not a scene attracts my sight,
But all confirms “ **LYSANDER** gone ! ”
The gentle zephyrs in their flight,
Leave behind a gen'ral moan !
I saw the building gently bend,
But the last stroke, the great, the final fall
Pierces my heart ;—I mourn my friend ;—
But ah ! can fondest tears my friend recall ?
In him bright **GENIUS** rais'd her throne,
And **WIT** sat regent there ;
The **MUSES** with the **GRACES** shone ;
But Death has shook the Temple down,
And sent the soul to Worlds unknown,
To seek a dwelling there.

Oh

Oh could I all the tuneful Nine
Awake to form my song divine,
To hymn the gen'ral grief ;
A solemn vigil would we keep
Together,—and together weep,
But ah ! which of the Nine can give my mourning soul relief ?
The burning fever now no more
Shall painful thirst create ;
Freed from its fiercest raging power,
The soul hath reach'd th' immortal shore,
And left th' unfeeling clod in its primæval state.
That panting breast has ceas'd to rise,
That flutt'ring heart has ceas'd to beat,
And God has wip'd those weeping eyes,
And render'd all his hopes compleat :
Then tend'rest friendship cease to mourn,
Nor with LYSANDER to return
To such a Sphere as this ;
Nobly he's finish'd Life's short part,
And God has call'd his willing heart,
To share with yonder ransom'd throng th' unutterable bliss !

But hark ! methinks I hear the solemn call ;

It loudly speaks, “ Attend his funeral.”

Imagination paints the weeping Croud,

And ev’ry passion strait begins to move,

While murm’ring Nature sighs aloud ;

Unwilling to submit, tho’ to the hand I love.

How shall I bear t’ attend th’ affecting view,

The sad procession slowly moving on ?

’Twill ev’ry grief, ’twill ev’ry woe renew,

And pierce this feeling soul with agonies unknown.

But stop ye wild ideas ! rove no more ;

Come kiss the rod, and own the righteous hand ;

^{And} Oh ! fond Nature, give the struggle o’er,

Nor longer with the will of Heav’n t’ withstand.

The same ^{li} affective Providence,

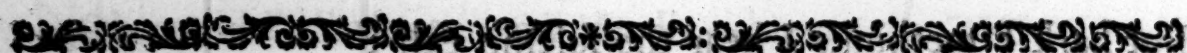
That call’d thy friend LYSANDER hence,

Has bid thee be resign’d ;

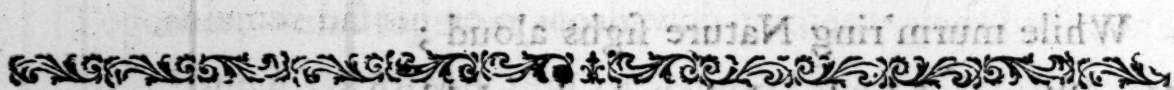
Since he has gain’d yon blissful seat,

To worship at th’ ALMIGHTY’s feet,

Why need we grieve to see the Clod within the grave confin’d?



PART the SECOND,
On a REVIEW of his GRAVE.



AND must the weeping Muse, once more
Let fall the tributary tear ;
Again the mournful scene explore,
And feel the poignant Anguish near ?
Must she again her Friend review,
And still the dear LYSANDER mourn,
While, near yon gloom-inparting Yew,
She visits with her lays, his sad, tho' peaceful Urn ?
O Death !—relentless Monster ! where's my Friend,
Whose presence charm'd away my duller hours ?
Can nothing from the Tyrant's pinions rend
The lovely Youth,—and recollect those pow'rs,
Which form'd for friendship, prov'd the gen'rous soul,
That habited the Clay, and beautified the whole ? The

The SPRING advances !—all my woes renew,
And throng afresh around my wounded heart ;
The bladed green, and budding hedges too,
Seem with my soul to share the sympathetic smart :
They shed their weeping dew-drops o'er his sad remains,
And give again fresh keenness to DECEMBER's pains !

O dreary Month which introduc'd the scene,
Of Death to him, to me unrivall'd Grief !
Strip'd of his verdure, fair and green !
He now lies unregarded, like a faded leaf :
I call,—ERATO weeps,—but silence all profound,
Reigns thro' the gloomy Worlds beneath the ground !

Shall yonder Walks, shall yonder Groves no more,
Witness his converse,—and I, list'ning, stand
To the rich truths he sweetly canvas'd o'er,
While genuine friendship reach'd me out his hand ?
No ! gone, for ever gone ! The Grove, the Mead, the Field,
Wither and droop, and die, and no more pleasure yield.

Penfive

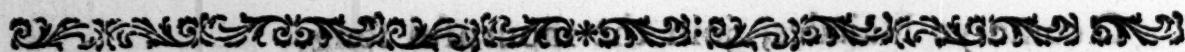
Penfive I walk the solitary Path,
That arm in arm my Friend and I have beat ;
And at a distance view the lonely BATH,
Which speaks my loss by its vacated seat :
Oft when th' intenseness of the noon-day Sun
Had warm'd the air,—thither we us'd to run ;
Each in the neighb'ring flood with pleasure lave,
And plunge, elated, in the wat'ry grave :
But Death has cut the ties of friendship thro',
And only left these scenes, my anguish to renew.

Yon branching Arbour, fraught with new sprung green,
Seems to suspect his flight, and droops its head ;
And eager asks, " What can his absence mean,
" My constant Vot'ries gone, the dear LYSANDER's dead!"
Full of the awful truth,—the leaves shed tears,
And for the much lov'd Form, Nature distress'd appears.
O come assist my grief, ye pitying Nine !
Nor let him die without some friendly lays ;
Assist to build an everlasting Shrine,
And truth in well carv'd strokes, shall mark thereon his praise.

O come

O come ye Naiades, join the mournful song,
 In softest notes his Mem'ry to rehearse ;
 Let Driads round the weeping Concert throng,
 And with their feeling pow'rs assist th' elegiac verse :
 Ye Groves, and Fields, and Valleys echo the distress,
 Nor gentlest Zephyrs flying make the murmers less !





THE
HAPPY SPIRIT.

“—————lucrum mori.”



THALIA.

AND is this Heaven ? O what delightful scenes
Burst on the sight, and charm these raptur'd Eyes ?
And is this Heaven ? O how unlike the World
So lately freed from, with her mortal cares ?
And is this Heav'n ? ye pleasing Prospects hail !
Wide as ye spread, and vast as your extent !

SERAPH.

—————Yes, this is Heav'n ;
And the FAIR SPIRIT, every tuneful Harp,
Bids welcome to the Concert and the Bliss !

THALIA.

T H A L I A.

Transporting thought ! How shall this spirit bear
A Weight, so big with Glory ? Lend your wings,
O lend them, and assist me to the Throne,
Where the vast Croud attending, pay their honours,
And cast their crowns before th' exalted LAMB !

S E R A P H.

Yes favour'd SAINT, these winged Cherubs wait,
Swift to fulfil all thy immortal wishes,
And bear thee to thy God :—There fall adoring,
While the grand Choir of Saints and Angels join,
To echo thro' the spreading Plains of Bliss,
Thy safe arrival from the Vale of Tears.

Thus spake the Seraph, when the glitt'ring Train,
High on their Pinions the bless'd THALIA bore
Up to the circled Throne :—the trembling strings
Of every sacred Lyre, by JESUS tun'd,
Rehears'd th' immortal Lays, while the dear SCAR,
On that triumphant VICTOR's wounded SIDE,
Indubitably seal'd th' eternal Peace !

Oh !

Oh ! could I join those hymning Sons of Light,
And share with them th' extatic flames they feel ?

R E S P O N S E.

Yes sacred Muse, for Earth has lost her charms,
And fairer prospects 'rise beyond the Tomb !
The Grave invites me, while my raptur'd Eyes,
Pierce thro' the solemn shades to brighter Scenes,
And gaze, exulting, in the blaze of Day !

When will the tedious round of Months and Years
Finish its course, and waft me to the skies ?
When will the Skies expand, and Heav'n in view,
Create immortal raptures in this breast ?
When shall I walk the blooming fields of bliss,
Breathe the pure air of my Cœlestial home,
Sing to some harp the honours of my God,
While JESU's Name from ev'ry tuneful Lyre,
Sounds thro' the Groves of Heav'n ?

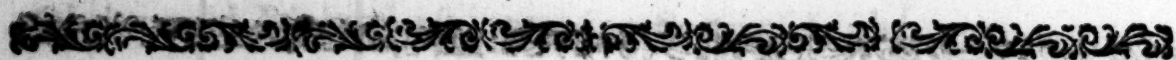
LIFE's

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY.

" Lord, what is Man ?" - - - - - The PSALMIST.
 " Poor Pensioner on the bounties of an hour !" YOUNG.

—————Distressing thought !

Is such our state, 'midst all the seeming sweets
 Of a gay, flatt'ring World ? Is this the Base,
 On which deluded Mortals build their Bliss ;
 A Life on ev'ry side replete with Death,
 And full of mortal Woes, and mortal Cares ?
 And is Earth's gew-gaws Man's supreme ambition ;
 And can her Phantoms charm th' immortal mind,
 While Syrens like, they 'lure it from its guard ?
 Oh ! to be Wise and Watchful !—This is WISDOM,
 Go to the TOMBS, and hear the preaching Dead ;—
 Nor hear alone, but hearing learn to Live,
 And learn to Die.—The Dead read Lectures well ;
 And if well learn'd, will well insure our Bliss,
 Whene'er we're summons'd ;—What tho' soon or late,—
 No matter, if th' important Point is gain'd,—
 Then Sudden Death's a blessing,—SUDDEN GLORY!





L I F E & U N C E R T A I N T Y .
T H E

C L O S E of the Y E A R.



 I K E a large Wilderness of Woods and Groves,

 S o is the Globe with diff'rent Objects dress'd ;

 A n d ev'ry path wherein her Trav'lers walk,

With various Flowers is strew'd ; Fortune divides

Them with a partial Hand ; to some she gives

The sweet, to some the bitter she presents ;

Each must accept the Portion of her Will.

Thus serv'd by her, thro' the vast Maze they pass ;

Some notic'd,—some unnotic'd ;—but none lost :

For when the Day-Star marks the annual round

Compleat ; TIME or ETERNITY will find

Them ALL ; and when to give the great Account

They're summons'd,—ALL will produce ! In thy sound,

ETERNITY ! what Pathos ! O how large ;

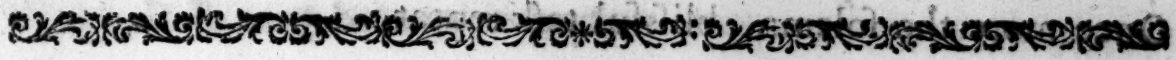
How

How spacious thy extent? Compar'd with TIME,
Just like an Ocean, and a Dew-drop;—or
More resembling all created Worlds, when
With an Atom balanc'd.—See yonder rolls
'The Globe's great TIME-PIECE,—beating as she goes,
Another YEAR revolv'd; since whose first Day,
What vast concerns are finish'd on the Stage
Of Life? What business done? What souls are fled,
And join'd the World of Spirits? To an End
All swiftly posts; but thou ETERNITY,
Art but beginning yet! Lo! there it hangs,
The grand Horloge of Immortality;
Which measures Moments, by immortal ages,
And Minutes, by itself ETERNITY!
True, by the Time piece of the Universe,
Nature's great Hand has mark'd another YEAR,
But IMMORTALITY's is not so swift:
She points the first, commencing moment yet,
And shews Immortals that their joy, or pain
Is but begun; and when ten thousand Years
Have made their Exit from th' account of Man,

She'll

She'll tell them the same Tale — OMNIPOTENCE
 Contriv'd the vast Machine, and tho' her Wheels
 Lag slowly round, yet still they onwards move :
 But who shall see the CIRCLE form'd compleat,
 Or know the beating Balance stop, for want
 Of winding up ? ETERNITY, — but none
 Beside ! — If such our state ;
 To be upon our Guard, becomes us best,
 Left, when ETERNITY's vast Portals open,
 We should be summons'd, unawares, to Enter ;
 Cut down as Cumb'ers of the Ground ; — nor spar'd
 Another Y E A R .



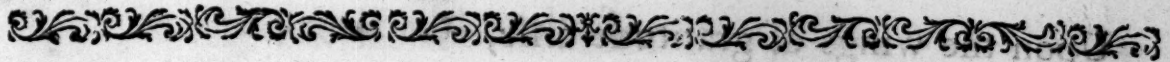


An A D D R E S S

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y

On her Recovery from Sickneſs.



CLARISS, I call thy heart to ſing,

The works thine Eyes review ;

The wonders of thy God, thy King,

So lately wrought anew.

Near to the borders of the ſilent Grave

Thy feet have trod ;

But lo ! thy God

Hath ſhewn ſufficient Power to ſave ;

And now renews within thy dying Frame,

Freſh life and vigour to rehearſe his Name !

O

Once

Once more the solemn, blissful task repeat,
And joyful at his footstool bend ;
There cast thy Crown beneath thy Master's feet,
And to his throne thanksgiving send,
For life-prolonging, health-restoring Love,
Descending from above,—
Which blooming Youth recalls, and joy revives,
Throughout the fainting Clay ;
Then borne away,
Upon the wings of gratitude arise,
And love, and bless his Name with sweet surprize !

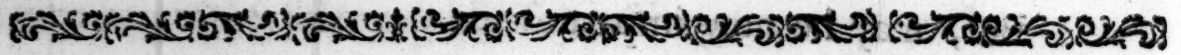
How awful was the Hand which came,
And suddenly bereav'd that beauteous face
Of all its shew of Health ? O mark the same,
That now in mercy, turns apace,
To beautify the structure which was spoil'd
By the feverer anguish,
And was left to languish,
Long weeks and months, under the stroke divine !

But,

But, may he now impart
To thee a grateful heart,
For mitigating pain,—and bid thee shine,
More beauteous than before,—drefs'd in his love,
And in his humble footsteps ever make thee move !

This, this dear Maid ! is all I aim,—
To see thee follow Christ the LAMB ;—
To bear his honour'd CROSS,
And count it all but dross,
To gain his plaudit, who on yonder Tree !
Fainted and died for Thee !

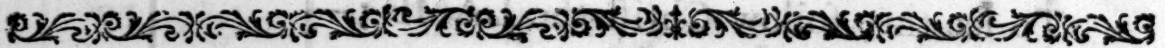
Oh ! may the sanctifying Spirit breathe,
Thro' all th' afflictive Providence ;
And banish from the heart the things of time and sense,
And bid thee to his praise and glory live ;
Then call thee home to share Immortal Life,—
Then waft thy soul from Earth, and end the glorious strife !



An O D E

O N

J U D G M E N T.



YE Nations hark, the Trumpet sounds,
 Which calls the sleeping Crouds to rise,
 From pole to pole its mighty Voice resounds,
 And with the deep vibration shakes th' opening skies !
 The Skies obey, and bid the flames descend,
 The flames descend and Earth's vast fabrick burns ;
 The strong foundations of all Nature rend,
 And Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell, partake the shock by turns.
 Hark ! the strong Pillars crack around,
 And Globes of Fire, on fiery Globes are hurl'd ;
 From East to West is heard the mighty sound,
 And Chaos, and confusion, fill the burning World ! The

The Sun in darkness hides his Face,
 The Moon is chang'd to Blood,
 And Stars, and Planets end their race,
 And quit with haste, their wonted place,
 To make a way for God !

He comes, He comes ! the awful Trumpets blow,
 And Jews, and Gentiles now their Judge shall know,
 And Sinners meet a gen'ral overthrow !

Again the Trumpet sounds, ye slumb'ring dead,
 Arise ! come forth, and meet your final doom :

Th' obedient Graves refuse to be their bed,
 And crouds of trembling Sinners issue from the Tomb.
 The Islands now the awful MORNING feel,
 And Domes, and 'Tow'rs, and Rocks, and lofty Mountains reel.

See, the vast Train attending in the Air,
 Of every Nation, every Land, and Tongue ;

With chearful haste the Judge they downwards bear,
 And loud Hosannahs from the Judgment song :

As they approach his Nail-prints shine,
 And glitter like ten thousand Stars ;

Still bearing marks of Blood-divine,
And tinging all the Robe he wears !

With rapt'rous joy th' exulting Saints
Sing loud the Victor's Name ;

And every Hallelujah paints,

The honours of the Lamb !

But from beneath, what shrieks of Woe arise,
What aching hearts, and Oh ! what streaming eyes,
When all forsaken, 'midst the Flames they rise ?

Forsaken ! No,—for God appears,

In Majesty array'd ;

His presence rouses all their fears,

While lo ! the CONQ'ROR mocks their tears,

And Justice strikes them dead.

In vain on Rocks and Hills they call,

Rocks they melt,—and Mountains fall ;

Nature and Time shall now no more be known,

For God descends, and Angels fix his Throne !

But

But lo ! the solemn pomp is laid,

And Nations at the Bar appear ;

The Thrones are set, and Books are laid,

And Saints, and Seraphs lend their aid—

To publish Sinners there.

But first, the Lamb's great Book of Life's brought forth,

The Saints are known in Characters of BLOOD ;

And thousands from the East, the West, the North,

And South, are loud confess'd the Sons of God !

With songs of Triumph all proclaim

The gen'ral joy at his Right-hand ;

While those who bear not the Messiah's Name,

Confus'd before the croud of Saints and Angels stand.

And must, and do they hear their doom,

While from their Judge the heavy Curse descends,

Depart, Depart,—but not into the Tomb,

Depart to Hell, and join your chosen friends ?

Friends that they were,—prove foes, anon !

And drag them to the fiery flood ;

While Saints and Angels join in one,

To justify a Damning God !

Oh

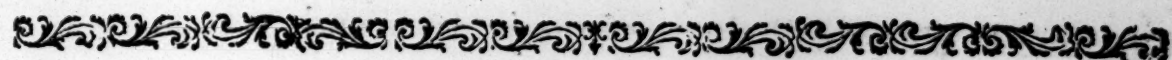
Oh painful parting,—hark what shrieks arise ;
 Sinners to Hell descend, while Saints outbrave the Skies !

The Trumpets found,—the Crouds divide,
 The Saints on Wings of Seraphs ride,

And Heav'n within their view !

Th' immortal Ports, wide open thrown,
 Rejoice the ransom'd Train to own,
 While Angels shout them thro' !



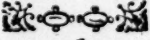




T H E
V I C I S S I T U D E S O F L I F E.

“ ——— Non omne quod hic micat Aurum est.”



 I F E, when full dress'd, is but a rugged path ;
 L But we are heirs of Heav'n, nor lean on Earth

 As the great Base of Bliss.—Our joys we draw
 From springs Immortal, while Immortal Life,
 Blooms with resplendence on our rip'ning Faith,
 And Hope anticipates the blaze of Day !

—————But still we find,

Passion, and Appetite, and Lust, and Pride,
 Bear down like torrents on th' o'erburthen'd soul,
 Wrest us from God, and pour on the weak Man,
 The great, unutterable weight of Woe !
 Dreadful idea ! borne away by streams
 Which countermand our bliss, and promise fair
 To exile us for ever from the port

OF

Of Hope ! When will the tiresome journey end,
And we, safe landed on the peaceful shore,
Review with joy, the fickle scenes that's past ;
Call the fair fruits of Paradise our own,
And feed thereon with raptures ? Blissful thought !
Faith catches the bright Harvest as it grows,
And lives as Angels live, while down to Earth
She bears, on her glad wings, the life of Heav'n ;
And bids us share its sweets, 'ere we arrive,
At the glad Haven of eternal Peace.

But ah ! how false is Life ? No sooner we
Possess the foretaste of immortal Bliss,
Than she presents some Rival, and calls down
Our thoughts to the mean baubles of a Globe,
Dress'd gay in Pleasure's habit to allure
Th' unwary heart awhile,—then loudly bursts,
With flaming tortures round the cheated soul !

So have I often seen, on a Calm day,
The stately Vessel wanton o'er the Flood ;
Proud of her bellying sails, and crouded masts,
Wave out her streamers to the neighb'ring shore, And

And call th' Advent'urers forth : The fav'ring Winds
Sit right a-stern and blow a pleasing Gale,
When lo ! th' elated Master gives command,
The swift attendants, chearfully bear up
Th' unwieldy Anchor ;—thus a-loose she floats
In all her pride, and dances o'er the Waves
Her pond'rous Hulk, laden with stores of sweets
For foreign Climes, unmindful of her fate,
Her dreadful fate, impending in the air,
And threat'ning swift destruction from the Clouds,
Which now assemble, fable as the Night,
And dye in darkness all the mid-day Sky !
Hark ! the hoarse thunders rattle round the Sphere,
And blazing tempests leave the angry Heav'ns,
In vengeance dress'd,—call to the stormy North,
For hail, and wind, to aid the gen'ral Woe !
The North obeys, and dreadful blasts are pour'd
In fury o'er the agitated Deep,
While foaming Surges, just like Mountains rise,
And bear a-top the batter'd Vessel !—All
Beneath is Death,—and Death awaits her fall :—

Not

Not long he waits,—for lo! another crush,
 Frowns forth with terror, the ascending brine
 Above her Masts,—Wave swiftly follows Wave;—
 Th' affrighted Crew, scream from the naked shrouds
 In dread despair, then altogether sink
 Into the vast Abyfs!—Distressing thought!
 So we glide down on Life's precarious stream,
 While thousand dangers mark us for their prey!

In vain we search for peace in glitt'ring Gold;
 Gold wears a sting, and wounds beyond a cure!

When Nature fails, VIRTUE alone will stand,
 While States, and Empires fall amidst the blaze,
 The universal blaze of burning Worlds!

If such, O VIRTUE! such the grand reward
 That waits thy Vot'ries,—o'er the wreck of Time
 To shout exulting, may the BRITISH ISLES,
 Bow at thy shrine, and share th' exalted bliss
 Attendant on each CONQ'ROR, while Disease,
 And Death, and Woe, in vain conspire to plunge
 Them in distress consummate and compleat!